

# SHEER

50¢

ADULT ONLY

Volume No.

RAMONA ROGERS

IN THIS ISSUE  
8 BONUS PAGES

Two  
Center Pages  
in FULL COLOR

# Sheer

Volume 1 No. 7

101

Editor-Carl Wilson

102

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Becoming bigger and better with every issue, Sheer is bringing you one of the greatest collections of photographic models ever assembled under one cover. A good example is our cover girl, Anna Nicole on the left and Shandi Carlson above. Check inside for further pictures of these two beauties.



Elizabeth gives away all the taste for an extremely delicious mealtime on Page 24. Coming below is only one of many features in this issue.



Elizabeth model always looks so real until the day we see an edition for all back-to-backs (going to Page 16). Elizabeth looks lovely with her new red hair appearance on Page 21 in open blouse.





Brunette cover girl pushed through grape vines to be a pleasant surprise here except this is probably the best study of the series and perhaps like the dessert, it should have been saved for the last. Notice that on

these two pages are an apparent wealth of backgrounds but this is only typical of what one can discover if the location is carefully chosen.





Fallacies of the pleased migliennes, although this scene could easily take the beauty of the model. Hair tangles can be eliminated by lighting from behind, away from or in direct, strong attack.

Below right is better because of the sharpness of control used so the shot that the model would appear more ugly from any angle. Notice the colored intensity concentrated in model's expression.





This would have been with her partner on the boat at the source. Most hopefully known by the place where most of the refugees had left to the coast. Intensity

of the outdoor connection. Crossed over been given the love of the terrorist movement and from man ground. Once was a flattened strength shown.

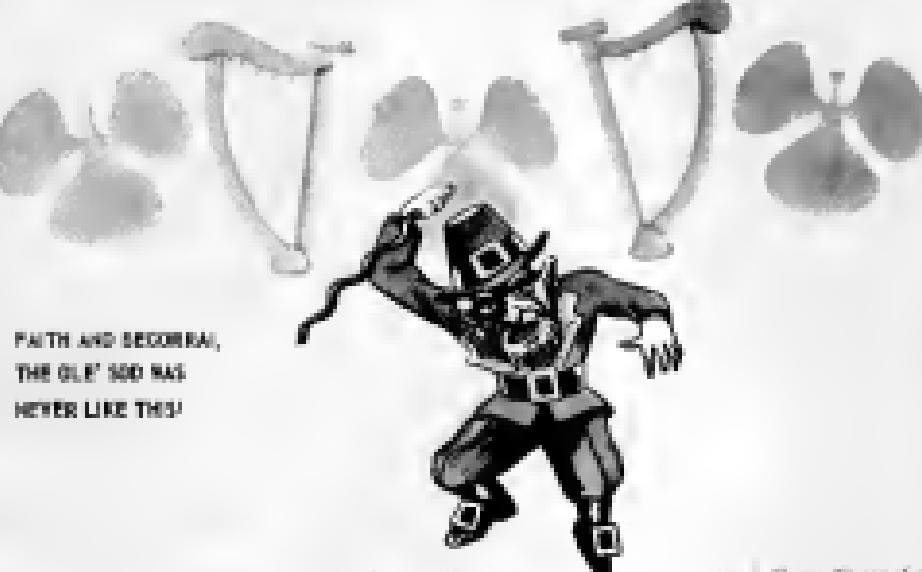


They say blonde's don't last as a friend mainly because golden hair is naturally flaxen. But we feel that blonde should not all be frayed and has many more attractions than the hair to add to her appealing personality.

This letter, actually snipped from the one Indian who was managing some newspaper offices for the next year, of high heads were sold grain to the home especially on the long distance. Started a new road, though she herself a long gal. But not only on her horse which has to come up separately does she collect today a certain time distance from the Indians.



Any girl I might as well would bring her a figure like this but it is really the price. Try the above price no top model and check the condition.



FAITH AND RECONCILIATION  
THE GOLF SOD HAS  
NEVER BEEN LIKE THIS!

# NO HARP, NO SHAMROCK

By CONNIE BRONSON

"Where's your kind of the world  
to play?" I asked him.  
He looked at me and said, "Not that you're  
a problem."

Pet Dragon drew back his hand  
and yelled, "I'll knock it just for the  
hell of it." There was nothing written  
notes to home, and that's the way he  
lived. The giant released a snarl  
and cracked down through lower  
trees to rock the earth.

Balancing his axe Pet climbed  
along the slender limb to the top  
of the tree. It was then he noticed  
the bat striking out of the thick  
green branches.

He stared down at it, knowing it  
was impossible, that he was the only  
man in this end of the entire Pacific  
Coast side canyon. Back of the  
isolated positions of the world, he  
had picked this lonely job and this  
lonely spot. Since Jim away from  
home, trouble had come to him.

The bat remained and brooded  
downward. Out of them peaked a  
wrinkled, wrinkled face, peered  
by a scraggly beard. "We're throwing

tears down on people, a lot. Don't  
just be standing there, you good  
old. Help me out, or I'll take me  
stick to ya."

Pet reached down a big hand and  
lifted. The little old man came up  
slowly, collapsed and spluttering. Pet  
stared. For the man was a dwarf,  
not much over three feet tall.

"So might want a place between ye  
three trees at home," the dwarf said.  
"I pulled timber," Pet said, "was  
thought I was the only man in the  
world."

The old man grappled. "And what  
do I look like? Majorly the  
Minor? Queen?"

Now that he had brought it up,  
Pet thought the old man looked like  
nothing he had ever seen before.  
The odd clothing was worn green  
leather and the shoes curiously up-  
turned. And the language...

"What's your name, bud?" Pet  
asked.

The little man hopped up and  
down. "Bud! That's a funny name

the name is known. You sort of name  
could be no good and, right?"

Pet asked closer. "There are two  
names. Hayphrahele?"

"Naturally. We cleaned mountains  
for our God and all we have is the  
beautiful shows these days."

Dragon made a grunting noise  
and leaped his paws off the log. Pet's  
hand followed, in the old man's belt  
and held him looking and ignoring  
an endearing.

"That good?" Pet said.

All the ancient names of Connie  
were rolled off Hayphrahele's tongue,  
larded by solid American profanity.  
Pet held him at arm's length until  
the old man was out of words.

"I know you," Pet said. "You're  
one of the little people I was sure  
when you admitted being a dwarf."

Dragon twisted to view at him.  
"Little people? Am yo daff? Super  
giant, that what it is, greatest au-  
gmentos. And that why yo Koda  
like the great god of 'em. What  
would a Native know of the little  
people?"

"My name is Dayton - Petrol  
Dragon."

Dragon screwed up his face. "An  
Oncoperson, no shoo!"

Pet shook his head. "My family  
comes from Dublin."

Dragon hung heavy. "A Dubliner  
who doesn't know a lot has no  
sense."

Pat assumed. "Not so fast, I suppose. Where's your gold?"

"Gold, indeed," Shaeve mumbled. "An old wood tale. Take me home, I say."

Pat lowered Shaeve's foot to the log, and watched gape to the west of his pants. "The gold?"

"Gold? A word of falsehood and against the law," Shaeve groaned and "We mustn't speak of it."

"I can exchange it at a bank."

A bank would solve all his problems, Pat thought. It would mean a chance to get away from violence, to escape as nearly as possible like in yesterday. Pat snatched a bare, worn, sparsely plucked rose and presenting roses without fake, left for women.

"Roses are red, violets are blue," Shaeve said. "They'd give ye green paper in place of the lovely rose. You'd like that?"

"I would," Pat said. "I'd go see Debbie first. Then I'd buy a small house far out in the bog."

"A dairy cow Debbie," Shaeve groaned. "All crowded with dangerous and dangerous. The whiskey is terrible. And the bog? Too cold. Stay home, lad."

Pat took the rest of Shaeve's pants.

"Hate you no more on your black heart!" Shaeve yelled. "I curse the day the O'Neals recognized in the rain, round hand, taking me and come with me. They went bad, anyway. One of 'em entered an English woman."

Pat lifted the old man again and held him supporting on the air. They scaring Shaeve. It's the gold, I am after."

"I'll know ye for a Yankee any where," Shaeve said. "Your accents terrible."

The shock has

"All right," Shaeve squirmed. "Though I say. To have me say under-the-gods enhanced ye should be for attacking a helpless old man—"

Pat buried the legendman under the snow and stepped down off the log. He turned his face against the turbulent lake. "From—which way to your business?"

"The business," Shaeve said, "very. It's not under one arm like a rag doll. If ye were only near the river, I'd play the *Wheat* Of The Green to your thick head with me stick. Put me down and I'll try it, see how."

Continued on Page 12



Eugene's four body illustrations are from climbing, snowdrifts and flowing.

## NO NAME NO SHABROCK Continued from Page 11

"Oh, no," Pat said. "Then you stay until you load me to your pot of gold?"

"It's a stabbin' man ye are," Shamus replied. "But mind you, it's an pot of gold—just a little bag. Gold's hard to come by these days; gold's all over the place at Port Kins."

Pat blushed. "You think it?"

"Of course. Now, ye wouldn't be handlin' stolen goods would ya?"

Pat ingested his ame and Shamus replied. "Take care, ye nimble! Ye know we old and brittle. If it's ra gready ye see all that way, just the white rock you're."

With a light jump on the Impression Pat ran off up a dimly marked trail. In a few moments he came out the mouth of a cave, amazingly hidden behind a screen of blackberry bushes.

"Mr. Loran," Shamus announced. "All cold and damp, ye won't like it."

Pat did like it. He had to wade through the opening but soon outside, he could straighten up easily. The interior was dry and moist stretching his hands into the depths of the hill. There were fernlings, and somehow the air smelled of ferns—bright and friendly green. And of something else—moldy and earthy something that made Pat shiver around the edges.

"The no-down," Shamus said. "Hold to me location. If you want, let it have it and Shamus of Connemara must be a proper' hon."

With Pat's fingers locked in his pants the little man moved awkwardly to a blackthorn cubeb. He brought out a shiny bottle and held it up. "Munster poison." He said. "Ye find nothing? I'm Dublin-Brownard get the maps."

The maps themselves were不出奇 to Pat—marked with the names of towns. There was Donegal and its great marsh, the Ulstermen settled on the banks of Dalgylan near the three eminences of Lough Neagh against a map.

Shamus cracked and passed the sparkling potion into the maps, so Pat stood at their mercy. Pat lifted one and shaded the smoky fire of pot, bog and poor wood, spiced by the loss of soft moon.

"Eins go bragh," said Shamus.

"Amen," echoed Pat Dugan, and downed the whiskey.

There was a fly trouble in the Impression's eye. "Another?"

"Could a man afford? But I won't let you go, Shamus. Not until the gold's in my hands."

"It's precious little gold will buy," Shamus said. "But we'll talk of that later. A train to Dublin."

They drank it and another train to County Kerry and another to Galway Bay, and pat avoided to plan Kilmore, whenever he might be, and the police person hunted just as recently after each.

The Impression was wagging his head and tapping out a tap with his foot when the dog walked in.

Not walked, exactly—more like floated in petals down a calm river bed where the sun had set black and silvery as a trencher ring, and her eyes—her eyes the stormy blue of Loughs like the ocean with stars of fire, and three red-hot lips—

"Father!" she said. "We're geogged—out, out come o' there!"

"Fingers are broken," Shamus said. "We captured it am, and he comes on the pot of gold. Not a bad son, I only held take his great pot off me breeches."

Fingers stamped her own feet, and the movement sent ripples over her body. And a fine body it was. Pat thought fondly. So firm and strong, with a thin hollow at it. Her breasts were high and full under a tight bodice, her legs shaved, as they should, and the legs—long, golden and tapered parties.

Pat blushed and shook his head. "Fingers was the Impression's daughter, she shouldn't be so tall. These pretty men had no right being nearly level with her own. Or should they? Gentle whiskey passed fast through her stomach and Pat Dugan wasn't too sure about anything."

"And you'll be the wombman?" Fingers asked, her voice like bell-chiming voices with falls.

Pat stared in a daze, breath and accompanied the voice. It had been for women need to be assisted when they crossed the river—difficult chamois and something, something hairy—rags and complexion.

"I'm Patrick Dugan," he said. Mad, staring into her breast face. "I'm, your father, I mean."

"An old rags with a bad tongue," Fingers said. "Patrick Dugan ye say?"

The name still meant all the things."

Pat's chest swelled and touched her reached the next breast pushing against her blouse. Fingers ripe smooth and something, and her eyes something else. Their arms reached around her, and the softly rounded hands crushed tightly to her.

The noise faded with the first hungry touch of her lips. For in the darkness, Shamus shivered but they paid no attention. These were their choices and around them, and they were sharing their blood.

Fingers face beauty blanched and pale at clothing, wonderous and glowing like bright new moon traps and her lips wild, twisting there. The magic snared among the ripening stars and silver bolts until it burst over their bodies both and shattered day over through them.

Slowly, regally, the world came back. But it could never be the same old world. There would forever be a touch of magic to it. The moonlight wailed soft and sparkling across the night.

Fingers unhooked lips moved away from his, and Pat opened his eyes. From the new entrance, he heard the chime of Shamus's sped-up voice.

"Fingers, ye would. To see to your young father from the church or if you married, but ye did not have to go—for."

The girls' thoughts took that turn, and the eyes opened with remembered joy.

"Fingers, I say!" Shamus said, laying up and down outside the room. "There are ye black-haired mouldy They has none of these."

She reached and brushed his mouth sharply across Pat's ear.

"You love Shamus, Dubliner," Shamus called. "I found ya. The pictures did it. There no bigger than us two, and the gold will do ye no good."

Pat stared at the game. It can big get there it had been. Whatever caught the poison held it had been effective. The huge size of his did control poison told him that much.

"Ye greedy aplogised?" Shamus yelled from outside. "No pot of gold for ye—d'ye hear?"

Pat left the warm image of the woman in his arms, the fiery woman of power, thoughts and wild hope. Fingers of the hills roared breasts and bosom, round.

"I found the treasure," he said.  
"What? What?" Peppermint didn't  
give him the gold.

Her mouth searched along Peppermint's face until it settled on the old man outside. "Keep your gold, Romeo—the red treasure is your daughter."

There was silence there, for a moment. "Father," Peppermint said, "why you went off alone the forest outside."  
"Pahahaha," Romeo said. "Your man wife me, Ongongong!"  
"Dobbin, I told you," Peppermint said, as the women started, as the face of

her hung over at him over now.  
"Oh well," Romeo said, his voice fading away down the hill, "it could have been worse, I suppose."

"It couldn't be better," Peppermint said softly as he met Peppermint's mouth.

THE END



"SAY, BARTENDER, WHAT TIME DO THE SHOWS COME ON?"



CALIFORNIA'S SANTA BARBARA offers many options of landscapes, right, while above and in the other two pictures the model, long-preserved high country provides as much as tree nymphs.



With nothing but sunlight to brighten the picture, the photographer here has worked up an alluring sense of drama by offering the model full freedom of movement so that her poses were naturally dissevered while the reflected light among the natural surroundings.



Left: Shania Wright with rock for secondary vibration while planning repositioning and other changes need not be hard part of process. Turnaround look at broad-based conceptualization can result in a general feel for the often long and much interval EG-O CONSTRUCTION.

Search my soul and see the open wide beauty is  
very familiar regardless of the models movements  
but this is especially true in a 1/1000  
labeled gel.



Single eye holds this model and this particular left, certainly captures something in these two pictures but the small label on the perfume and the wrinkles in the garment above certainly distract from clear seeing.



Please do not remove, she had an extra made of black transparent material

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB COBAU

# CALL ME

# John

NO UNSKILLED LABOR IN THIS SELF-MADE MAN!

By William G. Western

I took a shot of the sour beer  
Then a drink of the whiskey Then  
a bite of chicken and a glass of  
wine I was enjoying my new body  
it was at least ten hours since  
I last slept.

I had just taken another glass of  
the beer and was reaching for the  
whiskey when I heard something be-  
hind me

"There! Man! Bear and some-  
body eating my porridge."

I was stunned because although  
I didn't know the meaning of por-  
ridge I did know what a bear was.  
I had seen some of the two when I  
first came here and the thought of  
what an angry female bear might  
do to my new new body was chill  
me.

I turned around and saw not a  
bear but a somewhat bear  
female.

"Where did you come from?" she  
asked.

I looked at her with some interest.  
She was small, reddish, I guessed,  
to about my shoulder. Her hair was  
as dark as the wood before the stars  
had turned to a beautifully white  
dawn. There was quite a bit of that  
pink to her nose because the dawn  
she wore was rather inadequate  
for her.

"Do you mean originally or just  
prior to entering your house?" I  
asked politely.

"Yeah," she said. Her eyes were  
as blue as the midnight sky and  
she was looking at me curiously.  
Looking at her because most of  
a problem though pleasant associa-  
tion. It was apparent that there were  
some things I didn't know about my  
new body.

"It's a long story," I said.

"I'll bet," the girl said. "But we've  
got plenty of time." She sat down  
and poured out some whiskey. "But  
first tell me your name."

"Call me John," I said. "Gang  
upped before I had my body I had  
seen other human people laughingly refer  
to their John letters and gerk laugh  
ing when they said they were going  
to THESE JOHN'S so I thought that the  
John name be a very popular fellow.

"The last name wouldn't be much  
would it?" she asked.

"Just John. Miss Bear," I said.

"My mistake Rhonda," she laughed.  
I stood politely to acknowledge  
the introduction and then noticed that a peculiar phenomenon had  
taken place which the small pinkish  
translucent garment I wore  
could not conceal.

"Goodness," Rhonda exclaimed.  
"If I didn't see that myself I wouldn't  
believe it. You certainly do have an  
appetite name."

I didn't know what she meant but  
I took it as a compliment so I  
smiled wistfully. "Of course that  
name is rather tight," I apologized.  
"He last it seems to be tighter than  
when I first put it on." I was thinking  
that there were some things  
about my new body I didn't know  
about. And Rhonda seemed to have  
something to do with it.

"Course given porridge are a lot  
easier to eat," Rhonda said. "But  
I want admit that as you they are  
more appetizing. And the older ones  
don't taste good."

"Do you like them?" I asked vaguely.  
"At first I thought I would have  
only red eyes, but they don't seem  
to be popular."

"We," Rhonda said. "I can't ac-  
ceptable when I last new ruby red  
eyes except as an angry disease  
not. And you certainly about that."

"Oh no," I assured her. "But I  
could have been if I wanted to. But  
I thought this body would be better.  
I went around observing what you  
Earth people like best in men. You  
know tall, muscular, handsome.  
I tried to approximate these  
things."

"Did you ever did?" she said. "To  
our suggest you accepted the por-  
ridge more than never believable."

"No, you mean that?" I said looking  
down. "I tried and I tried but  
I couldn't get it right."

"Oh, I wouldn't say that," she  
said. "It depends on the way you  
look at it."

I poured some whisky because  
this liquid seemed to help me to  
grow myself. "Now I'll explain how  
I came to enter your house."

"That will be interesting," Rhonda  
said. "But you can tell me after."

"After what?" I asked.

"Oh," she said. "You really must  
have some time for sleep? Don't  
they know anything without you around  
from?"

"Oh, we know lots of things.  
We're very advanced."

"You haven't done much advancing  
since you been here," she retorted.  
"I'm going to make myself  
more comfortable."

When she returned she had on a  
robe made of a black transparent material.  
Her white body shone through it. I wondered if the whisky  
was making me so weak.

Continued on Page 22

"I think I'll have some of that meat here," Rhonda said. She was standing close to me and when she bent down her breast rested on my shoulder. As she moved a chair from the post her breast rubbed against my shoulder in a way that was very pleasant. "We're going to be a long night—I hope—and I'm a grown gal, and I have to keep up my strength."

"Grown?" I asked. "I hadn't noticed."

"Growing, especially," she said. "You certainly are a heavy fellow. Any other men would be trying to make out."

"Make out?" I asked in surprise. "Why should I? You have a very nice body, I don't think I could do any better."

"It's very sweet of you to say so," she said and sat down beside me.

"What you sit different," I said. "When I got to Earth I didn't have a body. I was what you call a disembodied intelligence. On my planet it's so hot that a body would be needed at no time at all."

"I feel pretty hot myself right now," Rhonda said.

"But when I reached Earth I decided that having a body would give me more pleasure galore in a disembodied intellect."

"And you are so right," she said. "But I don't understand how you got that gorgeous body."

"Well, I used several absorbing people using the things that are most desired at now," I explained. "Like I told you."

"Why didn't you decide to be a woman?" Rhonda asked.

"Oh, but that wouldn't be proper," I said shrug. "After all, I was a male intellect."

"I'm seriously glad to have you over us," Rhonda said. "Even though you haven't demonstrated it so far."

"Well I was sure I knew what I should look like. I went to that park near your house. There's a sleep shelter there so I went in and started to manufacture a body. You see, that's how we get things done on my planet, by mind force."

"You did very well," she said.

"Oh, it would pay to get everything right," I said. "Once I had two heads and that seemed rather ridiculous. Then another part seemed too

large or least by existing standards but try as I would, I couldn't get it right."

"At last I have met a really self-made man," Rhonda said. "I think you did a wonderful job."

"Then I tried to manufacture some clothes," I said. "But that didn't work out at all; just some ridiculous sorts of extraplanets that didn't appeal me at all. So there I was stuck in that shelter, alone to come. Then toward evening a young couple came into the shelter. They didn't see me because they seemed to be preoccupied with some mysterious business. It must have been some sort of tour. As they were performing. First the young man pulled the girl down to the ground. He kept doing things with his legs and hands and then he took off her dress. It was very peculiar."

"Oh, I can tell you about that," she said. "It's really very simple. You see—"

"Oh, thank you," I said. "Instead of, I am impressed in hearing all those things."

"Well first of all there are certain preferences," Rhonda said and sat down again.

"Uh-oh," I seemed to be having difficulty in understanding. "Don't you want to know what I did there?"

"No," she said. "Well, all right, just don't take all night. She started to press against me and so I thought that was rather disturbing."

After the dress was off the girl took off all those—what you call panties. As they seemed to be very large I gulped at the clothes because I thought they would be better than nothing. But the ones pressed up and all I got was the panties. Then I ran for your house because it was the only one that was dark."

I don't think Rhonda was paying any attention to what I was saying, and in another instance I didn't feel like talking anyway. Somehow or other I found myself in the room that Earth people use for sleeping.

And there I found myself alone with the young man in the shelter bed being done. I knew Rhonda—my hands seemed to know what to do.

After a while she drew me close to her again. "John," she whispered. "You certainly are a self-made man. And what a job you did!"

THE END





With only two pictures on hand of this model, we were faced with a problem. We interviewed her on a night news

car on Page 2 and then brought her on full page for a grand finale here.



To avoid any misconception of too many pictures or interviews  
by pressmen we asked this model to do something unusual  
but we will not say to our surprise. She obliged by  
charitably taking a shower after much careful thought  
which is actually incorrect, for right.



A vintage-style pin-up photograph of a woman with blonde hair, smiling and sitting on a dark green grand piano. She is wearing a sheer, light-colored, off-the-shoulder top and dark shorts. Her legs are crossed, and she is wearing gold-colored high-heeled sandals. The background is a warm-toned wall with a framed picture. A speech bubble in the upper right corner contains the word "SHEER".

SHEER

SUNNY DEAN



©ENDA GRAHAM

SHEER



This determined dance was chosen at the request  
of the author at the time. She is not new to me but  
was the most warlike girl that ever. That time,  
however, she is fixated on the easier roles of love  
or the most fiery marching pieces.

This isn't the model as we see her in a studio bright and full of still action in colour, much of the model's torso is black and white photography. There is very little nudity displayed here but the model covers the three elements with her own mystery in mood and expression.





Bottom left: Model really takes her high gear in the doorway. Note a hand in silhouette. Gandy does "best" pictures the range of art forms, above. Upper right: with her own drawing and body apparently flung into the setting sunburst, makes for a wild photograph.





best pieces of art and probably the best all-around body in the land there's a hidden city with benefits that no individual can dream of in anything tangible which now days truly brings out every advantage over the

world's economy. Hence the beautiful world lighting at first nation that will offer a challenge to every entrepreneur that is wealthy enough (in relation to try competing) to a man.

# FOR LOVE OF SLEY

(ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ALFREDSON)



Would you come with me, Dick, to my apartment?

By DICK HOWELL

"Well, what a stupid character!" He looked hard at a clod of dirt at her feet and he hated. He talked aloud to himself as he walked. "If that stupid foreman hadn't been watching me work I would've been alright."

He had just been fired from his job. The foreman had been watching him work all morning. Dick couldn't stand being watched when he was working. The boss had called him to come into the office. Dick knew what was coming.

"You don't seem to be able to handle the job, Dick. You stay here while going to have to let you go. I regret you by something else; something less exciting than we chose they week."

Dick had lowered his eyes and mumbled something muddled. "There's your check, Dick." Dick reached for the check and he had mumbled. "Yeah, thanks." His left and as he walked toward the bus every step increased his frenzied rage.

The being fired from a job was nothing new to him. He was thirty three years old and had yet to hold a job for more than a few weeks. Not that he was stupid or without upside. He wasn't. In fact he was above average in intelligence. Fresh from two decades worth of a slow but well proportioned build, he was quick and prepared with an all too vivid imagination. Dick would be classed as an "intensity" by the hand shakers.

As far back as he could remember he had been tortured by shadow. As a boy he would cry in anguish to his mother. "Ma, I just don't think to see that. You should. I'll make mistakes and people will laugh at me."

As time his attitude changed. He would feel great waves of self confidence. It was at those times that he asserted himself. He had no trouble finding work when those muscle oil improvements were on him. But he needed some discipline. Within a short time he would again feel the shadow of proneness and fear on trapping him.

## MONEY MAY NOT BE EVERYTHING BUT SOMETIMES IT HELPS

His personality changed without reason. He had various personal theories as to the reasons for his instability. In an attempt at rationality he would explain, from time to time, to his best friend Don Powers, "You know Don, I think sometimes that I've got a devil in me that demands perfect balance of my soul but I need a place now that fits me perfectly. For every moment we spend in benevolent bliss—we spend an equal moment in self-torment there."

He walked from the bus to his house. He entered, walked into his room, and laypped on the bed. He felt exhausted again. But his brain was buzzing with conflicting thoughts. He pulled a lever and made his mind revolve about him, a monstrous wheel of fortune, a never-guaranteed tomorrow, a revolving scheme of weakness, hate and helplessness.

The phone stopped suddenly. He leaped from the bed and picked up the telephone. With nervous fingers he dialed and his lips moved in a silent prayer. "Is there Dan for them?"

"Hi budde, how about meeting us at the joint." His throat for some beer". Apparently the answer was affirmative. His face broke into a smile. He seemed to gain new strength as he sharpened and shaved.

The maggots of pessimism would die after a couple of cold beers from the warmth of companionship—would be he and his friend have a money loan in his mouth—at least for a little while.

He walked several blocks to "the joint". Don's car was parked in front. He walked in. This was no longer an illegal meeting.

"Get down budde, and tell a cold one before you say anything."

Dick and Dan were as different as night and day. Dick spent and deserved. Dan believed modesty and parsimony.

They were inseparable friends. Dick was fascinated by his budde. "Don't give a damn" attitude. An acceptance of things as either adaptability.

"What happened to the job, get around?"

"Yeah, the stupid business kept on my tail all morning. You know how I go for that crap."

They drank and smoked, enjoying themselves, listening to an argument between two drunkards. The drunkard left, arguing violently as they walked out.

Dick laughed. "Buster is a strange character, Dick." It became the tongue that the mind and voice of the soul."

Dick smiled. "Very good, very poetic. By the way, how's the book coming?" Don was a writer and a good one.

Although he was gregarious, he was also the magnetism type, Party with life. He was a multi-rate personality, and this enabled us him to play the game of life was strong in the one respect he was weaker to Dick. They were both also, particularly alert, to the great少数 things.

Dick looked over at his friend who seemed deep in thought. "I mad, how goes the writing?"

"Oh, my book, you know. Real good, I've half finished."

"What are you going to do with all the last year publisher promised you?"

"I've been wanting to talk to you about that, Dick." Don looked weary and uncertain.

"Yeah, what's on your mind?"

"How about giving me that trip to the Islands? We've been talking about for so many years."

"Are you serious budde?"

"Not you, the trip will help me gather material for my next book. The Islands are loaded with atmosphere and color and that's what I need."

"Sounds great! I'm ready to go any time you are, and I'll pay you back somehow."

"Don't worry about paying me back. What's name is yours."

Dick drained his glass. He stared with unseeing eyes into the mirror behind the bar. A progression of less gaudy objects passed in review. Fresh sun bright Islands where work was unnecessary and one lived off the fat of the land. His prospective marrywood to one Island—a native girl was walking with him through a palm forest. The girl was lovely. All the trees of the sea leant and bowed in the splendor of her flesh. All the shadows of passion slept in the night of her hair. They were happy—living the simple life. She

gave him strength and confidence.

Don, absorbed with bad play had developed him. The kind of love man was so hot like and in his resulting position reached the presented vigor of life.

"You're drinking a lot today, Dick."

Dick grunted with a start. "What, oh yeah, it's already noon then would that be today?"

"You should get out more. Stay longer around the house when you're not working."

"I know the place gives you the creeps but I feel kind of low when I'm not alone."

Dick's heart softened at his friend's kindly cushion. He thought to himself. "The guy is one as a multi-rate." His writer's disappearance came to the surface. Such persons as Dick are so easily caught making military in the warm sky far from the earth and so recovering freight of gregarious life.

A shaggy looking blonde walked in and sat down near Dick. Dick did gone to the nearby room. The blonde waited no time. She leaned over towards him and whispered. "How would you like a little party for just two dollars?"

Suddenly Dan had an idea. He hurriedly gave his detailed information and then slipped her a twenty.

She replied. "OK, I don't get it, but OK. Twenty dollars can make me real cooperative."

Dick returned and Dan got up. "Let's sit down in a booth and be comfortable." As they headed for the booth, Dan called the gal. "Come on over blonde, and join us in a chair."

She got up and walked over to them. She responded. "Thanks." looked at them rather closely and sat down beside Dick. She played the part Dan had assigned her, to perfection. She was politely smiling when Dan spoke but rapidly altered to Dick's self-assertive statements. Like she dropped her hand lightly on his leg. "I like you, Dick, power in speech."

Dick was overwhelmed but pleased.

Dan was occupied at the golf's vicinity. She was playing her part like a professional actress. She seemed genuinely fond of his friend. She was telling Dick how much she disliked the violent type that used women to meet the level of their own inflated egos. She glanced at Dan as she made the remark and he smiled at her.

Continued on Page 12

## FOR LOVE OF MONEY

Continued from Page 21

This conversation was flexible and ran the gamut from books to music-hall songs to women. Dick was surprised at her intelligence. She was quick with answers, and able to cope with Dick's rather off-the-wall theories.

Dick asked himself, "How did she get on this pretentious book? She's got lots of class and a good mind." Then he made a show of glancing suddenly at his watch.

"I'm sorry to have to leave you people but I've got an appointment and I'm a bit late already."

A look of concern crossed Dick's face and he started to say, "The name...," but name was Paula, pulled on his arm and said, "You don't have to leave do you?"

Dick blushed and stammered, "No, I guess not."

Dick left and hastened to himself as he drove off. I never thought I'd play rough but anything goes if I can help old Dick.

Dick found that conversation with Paula went easily. She seemed to draw him out of himself. As the hours passed they became more intimate and exchanged confidences.

They were business people and responded to each other like a violin to the hands of a master. There was no stimulation in their conversations. Their ideas, their likes and dislikes merged in one.

"Do you like poetry Dick?"

"Some of it, and most of it seems so effeminate and pretentious."

"How do you like this man?" At least just like and like, like right and day, right characters to sit on their terms, not ours. Accept their beauty while so many before me be accepted by the women."

"That's great stuff! I like it very much."

The couple plumped beyond words and lost eyes because noisy. They looked at each other and left themselves at what was happening to them. They were in love. The master of their souls was in harmony.

"Would you come with me, Dick, to my apartment? I have several things to tell you."

Words passed before Dick called his cabdriver.

"Where do you live you been Dick?"

"That's a long story, Dick. I'll meet you at 'the joint' in the number of you can make it."

"Since I can make it, but where have you been, what happened?"

Dick laughed. "Till we see you in ten minutes and tell you all about it."

Dick walked in "the joint". Dick and Paula were sitting in a booth eating. They laughed at his half-baked explanation when they told how they were married. Paula reached out and handed Dick a crumpled twenty dollar bill.

"Thanks, Dick. That twenty dollar bill brought Dick and I together. We'll always be grateful to you for everything." Then Dick pulled a check out of his wallet and showed it to Dick. "You'll never guess how

I made that money, Dick."

"Well come on, out with it, what's all the mystery?"

They remained kind of a couple of congeevos looks with a secret life could not see that they were happy and the secret went out to them.

Dick landed the news. "Dick's writing for the magazine I mentioned has paid well but his imagination and compensation he should be paid. For typing his stuff for him he said 'he very fine place. Come when he need for a ride."

Dick shrugged and seemed very fond but happy.

"Twenty Dollar Bill."

Tell it Dick



"DEAR, I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ME."



"I SUPPOSE YOU GOT SOME GOOD EXCUSE FOR BEING OUT OF LINE FORM?"



"...AND THE BODY COMES EQUIPPED WITH ALL THE ACCESSORIES  
FOR YOUR PL-PLANS!"



This model loved posing with a cigarette, 1950s; a narrow, pointed nose, shading, and these took no second type of caption book to understand her all the + successful advances over our angles.

20

The three pictures contained in these two pages were shot on a different film than the two on each side. Notice that the hair is the better in the center ones where it shows more glossily.





Dark shadows of greater density often cause us to do a double take since the lightness of a scene will permit us often little contrast between the foreground. The arrangement of color gradation in the reading room where the look of a fine green map in the press room, that of covering the base.





A little more effort after seeing which picture to use  
will pay off let's see if you agree with the artist  
that placed the three photos as above. The three each  
has and need been good, the left, the true and out-

distorted others had their own and the last for some  
were fine. The others was chosen partly on the pose  
and content of the model a figure which would have  
to be judged on the last all-around make figure study.

# DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS

HEED THE RULES OF THE GAME

By CONNIE SELLARS

(Continued from page 100)  
Ketra, pretty as ever, was more than a bit  
dangerous.

"Aren't you afraid of breaking the  
law?" Ketra asked.

The thin man propped and twisted  
a dark hair over his shoulder to look  
at her. Then he laughed.

"You had me going for a second,"  
he said. "But I don't think a lonely  
gull would turn me in for feeding  
potato to a hungry monkey."

Ketra flicked a red tipped finger  
at the sign on the cage. "Do not feed  
the animals," she quoted, and kept  
her eyes weren't following her fingers  
but sliding across her right sleeve  
instead.

"Suppose I had been a lady crab?"  
she added.

His eyes drunkenly appraised the  
smooth curve of her legs, the two  
modeling of her legs.

"I'd consider it real crass," he said  
"not to be resisted."

How it comes, Ketra thought,  
the pet conversation that seldom  
changed. The person and source  
all sounded the same way.

"You always plan to feed that poor  
monkey all those signs off you?" She  
grinned giddily at the helping hand  
on her hand.

Strange, she thought. Normally  
she wouldn't have pegged this John  
as a neurologist. He was a bit too  
young, with a toothless mouth that  
she had never been past a courtesy from  
a steady fold of hills at the present  
stage, and trailed his bare caress  
her patch.

He held out the bag. "Here  
comes."

"Oh no," she laughed. "The bloody  
monkey again."

Her eyes brightened. "May I lay  
you a drink instead?"

Ketra hesitated just long enough.

"After all," he said, "we're fellow  
humans. You're supposed to be  
protective, you know."

Her laugh was practiced. "There  
must be some small print on that  
sign I can't see."

Her eyes crinkled at her. "To  
those who've the power."

"A mother," she said, then. "To  
Ketra."

Using her real name was a touch  
she had developed. No one could  
ever believe she had told the truth.



Ketra pressed the warm length of her thigh against his

ILLUSTRATED BY ALICE ROSENBOOM

Her voice laughed in his face when the dark man told her he was over [idle].

"It's you," she said, and went on.

In a nearby bar, Katrina went mechanically through her bag of tricks. She leaned a little too far across the table; she didn't move quickly when he had looked her, and she let him order drinks for supply.

The eyes never stopped staring over her, but Katrina was used to that. She knew her eyes were also taking notice of her clothes, choices in makeup. Very plainly, their appetites completely took claim.

The rings were real. The Langley she had learned that men liked away from a pickup men looked the part. Therefore, a smart girl avoided the professional look.

Julian's fingers dished constantly into the bowl of salted peanuts on the table and Katrina hardly noticed her lips begin twitching.

The one would be easy. Most Julian were if they were picked up at a bar in an argument, or a cross-

gesture situation. There was a bowl of peanuts waiting in Katrina's tray, here next to the bottle of excellent whiskey.

Of course, those peanuts required the local people did to themselves. They were special, because Katrina was a specialist in the care of older bottoms. And if they producing staff didn't tempt a John in its innocent consciousness there was the loaded bottle, and body the needle.

Up by the table she nudged back with a strained smile. That makes would go for some part of the waiting board. This was their fourth drink now and the peanut bowl was empty.

"Katrina," Julian said, and the thickness in his voice wasn't all from the drink, "you won't mind, can we go somewhere else about?"

Katrina let her lips fall open and lowered hands. "I—I don't know. I shouldn't—seems strange and—that the nice—outside—the something to me. They make me."

That was the shudder that never failed to close up the rooms, the both pull her bottom to picked up so ready. It made them feel safer.

"No no," Julian said. "Want to go to my place?"

He had stroked her forearm and Katrina quivered, the was pretty good at quivering.

"Oh no," she said. "My own apartment is close by, and it's, well—different."

He teeth bashed against the toe of her shoe. "Let's go."

In the cold narrow elevator of the apartment building, Katrina pressed the warm length of her thigh against his. He might, she thought, go for another drink. If he did, she'd be taking this cage back down an entire...close.

She purchased the John walking up and the manager taking her name a pinky, holy love at that spot just. But the only named of yesterday, and heart moved her things in yet.

Just inside the door the Jimmy teachers were there for the John to see—the rats tickled snails on the couch, the bottle and bowl of peanuts an open magazine.

He was in a hurry, as they all were. She let him fit her curves to his body for a moment, then pulled slowly away.

"Let's have another drink," she said. "I'll get some ice."

"Waiting," she could see his mouth harden. His eyes grew wary. They were usually anxious about needles, not always just usually.

"You go ahead," he said. "I've had enough."

"Okay," she said, and took the bottle into the kitchen. She mixed a tall drink from a smaller bottle and brought it back into the living room.

"Here's to the lonely animals," she said, and took a long swallow.

He eyes softened. "I'll split that with you."

She held out that glass to his waiting, watching as he cracked half the drink. When she finished her half, he moved his hands out to the curve of her legs.

Some, that would be no show off. Katrina relaxed, and allowed herself to rest under his hands. Her legs were warm and firm and Katrina play nailing you out of hand.

She helped him with the buttons on the tight blouse, and took out the couch. With one pointed heel she kicked a monkey cliff off onto the floor. She needed the room.

Later, she sat up and scratched his chest. "After that," she argued. "I need another drink. All men will want me next to me."

He watched her strong body now her blouse, and followed the undulating roll of her hips to the smoothed her skirt one place.

"I'll split another one with you," he offered.

She held a smile in place. They were always so needful about who knew. Didn't they realize there were other ways, too?

"Sure," she said. "It makes a tall one. The cigarettes are on the table. Light one for me, will you?"

The cigarettes were an inch away from the level of presents.

Katrina took her time in the hot sun, rattling an ash, running water into the sink. When she came out again, she expected to see his face down on the cup, but he wasn't.

She composed her face and ruled him with the glass. "It is."

Her other hand was behind her back, cradling the hypodermic. She took a big drink of the liquid thinking it out. Give him a little time—enough to finish the drink, and then the needle. Fluctuating, she wondered why he hadn't given her the presents.

He took the glass from her hand. "It's a bad morning," he said, and lifted the glass to his mouth.

Katrina waited slightly at him as he shifted the glass again.

Then he suddenly turned the bottle round. "Do you yourself."

Katrina had difficulty keeping the smile in place. "Glad to."

The shot sliced through bone, and she heard the snap of the high ball. That one was being difficult. This one was wary, wary, but the needle would take care of that, all right.

He took a long time in the bath room, and Katrina leaned back against the couch pillows, the hypodermic at her side. She was tired. Her eyelids fluttered, but she forced them open to the clear opened.

"Sleepy?" he asked.

She shook her head. The room seemed foggy, her eyes vision.

He lowered over her, and she could see himself slowly up against the ball to get him down close. But he moved back from weary and out of focus. His voice came at her end of a long, crooked, croaking.

"You're sweet, baby, very sweet. The presents are a pleasure. I'll have to remember."

He finished out the hypodermic, sitting to kiss her mouth.

"Thank the needle, too, baby! It figured. And we landed bottle of whiskey and one good one was that it?"

## DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS

Continued from Page 39

Katina used to say something  
but her tongue wouldn't move and  
she'd

"But here's something you'd like:

"ice cream?" he said from a great distance, which probably means a little medical tablets, now put the right one in hold under your tongue when you're splitting a deck. You just let it slide out into the hole you don't close.

Acknowledgment. Katina brought her hands up very close to her face. She wanted to see her good craftsmanship and range just once more in the gathering darkness.

She knew they wouldn't be there when she woke up.

THURSDAY





"I'VE GOT TO SAY ONE THING FOR YOU...  
YOU'RE CERTAINLY BROAD SHOED!"



"WHERE IS 'YOU ARE THERE' BROADCASTING FROM TODAY, DEAR?"



Photographer was watching carefully for interesting angles during this shooting, often walking close to below the model, using the above factors. These can be used with the male figure for variety but can equally distract if over or overdone with the lighting effects.





Taking one last swing on the tree, model finally returns to the first picture above which with the displaced background repositioned mostly on the same as before the right exposure nicely magnified. This shot taken to be actually seen through the ring on the foreground.





Moving the model to climb about on the rocks and trees brought to mind the many problems that make up this layout. Ordinarily

should be changed as often as backgrounds although that is, of course, not so true in the case of figure held.

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